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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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A MAIDEN IN CHURCH.

She stands beside a pillar fair,
A maiden girl, and bright,
But stranger than the column there
Of peaceful conscience sleep,
Her sunny smile, and
And simple straight her thoughts go up, in
purest white arrayed
And far beyond the pillar's shaft their resting
place is made.

She kneels beneath the arching lines
That o'er the chancel sweep,
And on her knees the holy signs
Of peaceful conscience sleep,
And higher than the arches' height her steady
fast eyes do look,
The while they seem to fall upon her
open book.

A beam of light into her open face,
The face that knows no stain,
And lo! she sees from out their place,
Within the window-pane,
The olden saints, in quiet array, come sliding
gliding down,
To hover o'er her winsome face, and weave
her crown.

St. Matthew gleams about her lips
For all his words are true,
For all his words are true,
St. James' palms are laid,
The loved apostle calmly floats o'er one so
purely fair,
And hear St. Peter, with his keys, has tangled
in her hair.

His eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
For all his words are true,
And lo! she sees from out their place,
Within the window-pane,
The olden saints, in quiet array, come sliding
gliding down,
To hover o'er her winsome face, and weave
her crown.

Then for his text, the pastor takes
A verse I know full well,
And every word he utters makes
A new horn glory swell,
O'er-coming down from out the pane to
light up every word,
Till "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they
shall see the Lord."

For let I see it shining out,
A glorious blazoned text,
With crimson, purple, strown about
The golden blaze perplex;
And then upon my clasped hands I bow myself
and pray,
And "Blessed are the pure in heart," I softly
speak.

The Destiny of Josephine.

Josephine interests everybody, and
we gladly give our readers the follow-
ing, from a correspondent of the
"Knickerbocker Magazine."

The history of Napoleon has yet
to be written, and written by an Ameri-
can. The world has been amused with
fables of this man of destiny; fables
which have been transmitted as an
ancient story, until they have reached him
who now sits upon the throne of
France, and is pleased with the title,
"the man of destiny."

This title, though a favorite one
with every class of Frenchmen, un-
doubtedly arose from the story of Jo-
sephine, and through her attached to
Napoleon. Though her simple story
is smothered in the more brilliant one
of her husband, yet it was well known
that, long before Napoleon's admirers
claimed for him the great destiny, he
finally accomplished it, it was a common
story in Paris what we are about to tell.

It was while almost a child, that
Josephine, in some of her wanderings
with her school-fellows, came across a
vagrant gipsy or fortune teller. The
woman, attracted in some way toward
the beautiful child, insisted upon tel-
ling her fortune, even against her will,
and without reward. She told her
that she would very soon be a wife, a
widow, and afterwards Queen of
France. The prediction in itself was
common enough but as simple as it
was, it had its effect upon Josephine,
who immediately embraced it as a
fact, and could for a long time think
of nothing else.

When the fulfillment came to the
first part of the prediction, it of course
strengthened her in the belief of the
rest; and even when in prison under
sentence of death, and her bed was
taken from her at night because she
was to die in the morning, she bade
her friends have courage that it would
not be so, and that she would yet sit
upon that throne then in ruins beneath
the bloody feet of Robespierre; and
when the jailers, in derision, called

upon her to name her maids of honor,
that they might be ready when she
was queen, she did so, and her nomi-
nation was finally fulfilled to the letter.

On that very night Robespierre fell.
Had his downfall occurred one week
earlier, Josephine's husband would
not have been one of his victims; had
he lived one day longer she would
have been another of them.

There was but little lapse of time
between her liberation from prison and
her marriage to Napoleon, and it was
by the influence that she exerted that
he was appointed to the command of
the army of Italy, after which the path
that led them upward was clear and
open, until the destiny she had insisted
upon was accomplished, and the crown
of France was upon her head.

But there was one thing more that
Josephine had foretold for herself,
which was the utter loss of that power
and rank to which she had been so
wonderfully elevated; and still, while
she brooded over this, he who was her
lord, gathered new power and yielded
to new ambition. She tried to curb
it, and to point out what should be
his true aim; but he was now an em-
peror, and desired to be the founder
of a new empire.

How well her instincts told her that
the time was rapidly approaching when
that ambition would make him put
her away! Then came the close of
the campaign of 1809, and she saw
that the hour was approaching still
nearer that was to seal both their
fates.—There was no longer the confi-
dence of the past between them; no
longer the seeking of sympathy and
advice.

It was on the 20th of November,
1809, and the court was especially gay
in honor of the visit of the King of
Saxony. Josephine sat at the window
of her boudoir, looking out upon the
river, when she heard a step at the
door, and rose to receive Napoleon,
who caught her in his arms with more
of the olden time embrace than she
had known for months. She led him
to the sofa on which she had been
sitting, and seated herself by his side.
For a few moments there was silence,
and then he spoke:

"Josephine, you have been weeping!
Are you unhappy?"

"No, sire! not with you."
"Nonsense! Josephine, why do you
call me sire? Of late you are making
those forms overshadow all our hap-
piness."

Then why should they not be for-
gotten by both? You have now at-
tained that point of ambition that
should content you. Will you turn
the unquiet god from your bosom, and
study only the good of France, and
your own, our own happiness?"

"You misunderstand me, lady," he
said, quickly, rising from his seat and
leaning against the window. "I am
seeking nothing for myself, but every
thing for France."

"Is it for France, Napoleon," she
said, drawing close to his side, and
taking his hands in hers, that you
would put away from you not only a
true wife, but a true friend? Think
that I have been blind, sire, to this—
My alarmed heart has told me all, and
believe me that I am offering on pro-
test to your will, but, O sire! examine
well your heart before you act."

He stood silent while she was speak-
ing, and then, with his face turned
full upon the streaming moonlight, he
drew away his hands. She went on:

"And, O sire! believe me, that
though I am to leave your throne and
your side, that I shall never cease to
love you too deeply for my own peace.
Therefore it is that I plead that you
will look well into your heart before
you yield your future to bad counsel!"

He drew quickly from the window
and walked towards the centre of the
room.

"You cannot sympathize with me,
madam! I act only with reasons. The
good of the individual must yield to
the good of France. Farewell!"

"Stop, sire!" and Josephine stepped
quickly across the room and caught
his arm, drawing him as she did so
again to the window. Do you see
that star? and she pointed to one that
shone with marked brightness. "That
is my destiny. By it you have risen.
To it was promised a throne. Through
me you have accomplished it; part
from me and you fail. Yes, fall to die
in sorrow, neglect and exile! Remem-
ber this, Napoleon, and remember
these words when it is too late to recall
the act that no words of mine can pre-
vent."

Napoleon gazed almost in terror at
her who stood like a prophetess, look-
ing out with eyes of fire upon the heav-
ens, and then, with a heart clouded
almost to sickness, he turned away,
and left the room without a word.

Ten days passed before he had the
nerve to strike the blow that broke the
golden chain that bound them, and

from that moment, as he afterwards
confessed at St. Helena, the fall of
Napoleon began, until he died a broken-
hearted exile upon an island in
mid-ocean.

Mysterious Mutton.

In a district adjoining a large forest
wolves were so plenty that it was al-
most impossible to keep sheep, and
only now and then a "coeset" was
raised as a pet. A good deacon had
reared one, and as it had become rather
troublesome, he killed it. Mutton was
a great treat in those parts, so he
reserved one quarter for himself and
one for the minister, and divided the
remainder into smaller portions and
distributed it among their few neigh-
bors. The minister's part was placed
in an out building for safe keeping
until the next day, but in the morning
it was nowhere to be found; some one
had stolen it, and the pelt in which it
was wrapped.

Greatly disappointed, the deacon
and his wife resolved to make some
amends for the loss to the minister,
and therefore selected their nicest
cheese, and placed it in a covered bas-
ket, and sent it, with a polite note, by
their two boys. It was hurry-time, and
the boys made frequent stops, both
going and coming. When they re-
turned, great was the surprise of the
deacon to find a note from the minis-
ter, cordially thanking him for the
present of a quarter of mutton, and
asking him to accept the gift con-
tained in the basket as an expression
of his regard.

"Mutton? Mutton?" said the deacon;
"he was probably thinking of the
sheep I killed yesterday, when he
wrote the note. But let us examine
the basket." He opened it, and there
was a flat stone!

The deacon was a good man, but
this aroused his indignation, and he
could not refrain from speaking harsh-
ly of such treatment from one he had
always considered his friend. By the
advice of his wife, in the afternoon he
called on the minister for an explana-
tion, taking with him a small cut
of mutton for a piece-offering. The min-
ister and his wife had just gone out,
and as the deacon was talking with
their little girl, he happened to look
into an open pantry, and there spied
the very quarter of mutton stolen from
him the night previous; he knew it by
the marks he had made dressing it.
Without another word he seized it,
and went home in great wrath, con-
vinced that the minister was a thief,
and determined to have nothing more
to do with him. The minister on his
return was equally indignant at the
conduct of the deacon, but prudently
resolved to say nothing of the matter.

For three weeks after, the deacon
and his wife were absent from church.
Everybody wondered why; but he
would make no explanation, neither
would the minister. Finally a meet-
ing of the church members was called,
with a determination to have the
strange actions of the deacon ex-
plained, and he resolved to let the
whole story out. He told the circum-
stances, and expressed great grief at
what he considered the shameful con-
duct of the minister. The latter gen-
tlemen then made his statement. He
said that the deacon's boys had brought
him a quarter of mutton in a basket,
and that in return he had placed there
a neat family bible.

Everybody now looked at his neigh-
bor, wondering what it could mean,
some thought them both crazy, others
thought of witchcraft. All was still
as the grave, for some minutes, when
there arose a man formerly known as
Wicked Will, who had lately reformed
and joined the church.

"Brethren," said he, in a trembling
voice, "I stole that quarter of mutton.
On my way home in the night I was
chased by wolves, and climbed a tree
for safety, where I had to stay until
they went away in the morning. Be-
ing afraid to take the meat home by
daylight, I hid it in the woods; but to
make sure of it I strayed near the
place, intending to carry it away early
in the evening. While there, the dea-
con's boys came along, and from my
hiding-place I heard them speaking
of what had happened. I also found
that it was too warm for the meat to
keep through the day, and so when
they were busy gathering berries, I
slipped the cheese out of the basket,
and put in the meat. When they re-
turned they stopped again; and hear-
ing them speak of a present for the
deacon, I examined the basket; and
finding a nice package there, I thought
it might be valuable, so I took it out,
and put in the stone. But that is not
all. On reaching home safely, I
opened the package to examine my
prize. While carelessly turning over
the leaves, my eyes fell upon the pas-
sage—'Thou shalt not steal'; and from

that moment I found no peace until I
became a changed man."

Thus the whole mystery was solved;
and the deacon and the minister were
not only reconciled, but they heartily
rejoiced together that their temporary
loss of peace had resulted in so great
a good as the reformation of Wicked
Will.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE DEVELOPMENT OF POMPEII.—Here
we have more than the mere skeleton
of a Roman city; we have such traces
of the flesh and muscles as will enable
us to build up the living form, and to
obtain some insight into the manners,
habits and daily life of that great Ro-
man people. And there is still much
to be done, and much to be discov-
ered. But one third of the town has
yet been exposed to view. Twenty
years must elapse, if the works are
carried on as they now are, before the
whole is uncovered. During the win-
ter months about five hundred men,
women and boys are employed in the
excavation; during the summer, owing
to the unhealthiness of the place, only
fifty. It is impossible to conjecture
what additions may be made to the
treasures already discovered. It is
true that the most important edifices,
and consequently the more wealthy
quarters of the town, have been ex-
posed; but there still remains a vast
number of private dwellings which are
in many respects even more interest-
ing than the public buildings, because
not found elsewhere, and likely to fur-
nish us with new and most reliable
particulars relating to the domestic
life of the Romans. Among the recent
discoveries is that of the entire skele-
ton of two horses, which had taken
refuge in the porter's lodge of a very
elegant mansion, leaving the car to
which they had been attached, in the
court. We are thus indebted to Ves-
uvius for the preservation of the most
perfect monument of the ancient world.
The terrible mountain whilst it de-
stroyed has also saved Pompeii; and
when the shroud of lava and ashes
shall have been altogether raised
from it, the traveller will gaze upon
the almost perfect form of a Roman
city.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.—The fall in gold
has produced a complete stagnation in
business, but this will probably be but
temporary. There are some who ap-
prehend a financial revolution, but
business was never upon a more satis-
factory basis. We owe but little
abroad and trade has been gradually
working into the cash or short credit
system at home. The currency will
not be materially contracted at pres-
ent. Speculators who hold large stocks
of various articles will doubtless feel
the pinch, but those who have been
doing a legitimate business, and have
exercised ordinary foresight, long ago
made up their minds that the value of
their stocks would shrink and they are
prepared for it. Everything is snug
with them and they can offset the di-
minished value of their stocks in hand
against heavy advances during the
past eighteen months.

With a good basis of capital, and
due steadiness and caution, our mer-
chants and traders generally will stand
this shock and another and still another
until business again settles down
upon a specie basis, which will not be
for some time to come. In the mean-
time the war will not be closed at once,
although we begin to see the end.
Government expenditures must con-
tinue large for some time to come, and
when peace is re-established the de-
mand for goods from the South will
keep our mills and workshops going,
and the much dreaded crisis will prove
but a lugubrious of imagination. Our
views are based upon the supposition
that the present administration will be
re-elected and the rebellion subdued.
If the peace party gets control and
lets the South "depart in peace," we
may make up our minds for a prostra-
tion of business which will affect all
classes—merchants, mechanics, farm-
ers and laborers—in short, for the ut-
ter ruin of the industrial interests of
New England if not the whole North.
—*Boston Journal.*

SOUTHERN WOMEN.—Just here let me
say a word in behalf of the southern
women. There is a disposition on the
part of the northern public, forming
their opinion from the instances of
fierce spite and vindictiveness, and fu-
rious scorn and hatred, which have
been chronicled in the reports of army
correspondents and in the sensation
items of the newspapers, to regard
them as little short of demons in fe-
male shape. All this is naturally work-
ing a corresponding dislike and ill-
feeling among the masses North. To
such I would say: These southern sis-
ters are not demons, but made of the
same flesh and blood, and passions and
affections, as yourself. The difference

between you is purely one of circum-
stances and training, of locality—above
all, of education and instructions. It
is as true that institutions are second
nature as that habit is.

But with all their faults they have
many and shining virtues. Though
the ideal of a southern woman com-
monly received at the North and abroad
is not true to the life, being neither so
perfect nor so imperfect as their eulo-
gists on the one hand and their detrac-
tors on the other would make it to be,
there is yet much, very much, to elicit
both love and admiration in her char-
acter.

The southern female mind is pre-
cocious, brilliant, impressive, ardent,
impulsive, fanciful. The quickness of
parts of many girls of fifteen is aston-
ishing. I used often to think what
splendid women they would make with
the training and facilities of our north-
ern home and school education. But as
it was, they went under a cloud at sev-
enteen, marrying early, and either sink-
ing into inanition of plantation life, or
having their minds dissipated in a vain
and frivolous round of idle and selfish
pique. I compare their intellect to
a rich tropical plant, which blossoms
gorgeously and early, but rarely fruit-
ens. The southern women are, for the
most part, an enable but undeveloped
race of beings. With their precocity,
like the exuberance of their vegetation,
and with their quick, impassioned feel-
ings, like their storm-freighted air, al-
ways bearing latent lightning in its
bosom, they might become a some-
thing rich, rare, and admirable; but
never bringing thought up to the
point of reflection; never learning self-
control, nor the necessity of holding
passion in abeyance; never getting be-
yond the degrading influence of inter-
course with a race for whose stolidity
and servility, the inevitable result of
their condition on the one hand, are
both the cause and effect of the habit
of irresponsible power and selfish dis-
regard of right, fostered in the ruling
class, on the other—what could be ex-
pected of them but to become splen-
did abortions?—*Continental Monthly.*

HIMSA A COOK.—Mrs. Jones called
at Madam Thompson's "Emporium
for Female Domestic Household Assis-
tants, and General Agency for Urban
and Suburban Families of Gentility,"
and asked for a cook. Presently was
 ushered into the reception room a gor-
geously dressed woman, of masculine
proportions, who took a seat upon the
sofa by the side of Mrs. Jones, and
said:

"You wish a cook, do you?"

Mrs. Jones intimated that her wants
were in that direction.

"Well, that's my line; I can do
French, Italian or English cooking—
anything but Yankee. I can make
jellies, Chur de Russe, pomme de terre,
fricandeau, giblet, come-and-go,
ice cream, macaroni, oyster sauce,
maitre d'otel, a la mode, picaenti, and
anything you like."

"What wages do you expect for all
that?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

"I have been having eighteen dollars
a month, but things is rize now, so; why,
I had to give three dollars and a half
a yard for this ere silk; and I should
say I would have twenty-five dollars
—Sundays to myself, and two evenings
out in the week."

"Do you perform on the piano?"

"No I don't. I never learn it was
wanted in cooking."

"Can you extricate the antepen-
ultimate of a defunct fowl?"

"What d'ye say?"

"Do you speak Hebrew, so as to
teach the children German if they
learn French?"

"No."

"You will not do for me; you can
go."

And her cookship withdrew, with
drooping colors.

THE REBELS FIGHTING FOR McCLER-
LAN.—No appeal is oftener made in the
rebel papers of late than that it is nec-
essary to win victories, or at least to
prevent the Union armies from win-
ning them, this month, that McClellan
may be elected. The rebels feel that
they are fighting for McClellan, and
they look for their reward in an easy
peace on their own terms. The Rich-
mond *Enquirer* of the 14th has a very
significant article, prevaded and inspir-
ed by this idea, as this passage from it
shows:

"Pennsylvania may have gone for
the republicans on last Tuesday by an
overwhelming majority, and yet a dis-
aster to the federal armies in Georgia
and Virginia, would change the aspect
of affairs in the United States so com-
pletely as to utterly defeat Lincoln.
Should the present situation in Georgia
become more critical, and greater dis-
aster befall Sherman than those report-
ed already in Richmond—should Sher-

idan be withdrawn from the valley by
the necessities of Grant—should Grant
assault and be repulsed at Rich-
mond—any or all of these disasters
are possible—the result of the presi-
dential election would place McClellan
in the White House."

Legislature of Vermont.

The General Assembly of the State
of Vermont met at the Capitol October
13th, 1864.

SENATE.—The Senate was called
to order by Lieut. Gov. Dillingham.
Prayer was offered by the Rev. Philip
H. White, of Coventry.

Henry Clark, of Poultney, was unani-
mously elected Secretary.

For Assistant Secretary, there were
two candidates, viz: Mr. R. Wright,
of Proctorsville, and Mr. J. P. Lanson
of Cabot, and on the first ballot Mr.
Lanson was elected: Lanson 15
votes, Wright 12.

HOUSE.—The House was called to
order by the Secretary of State, and
after prayer by Rev. A. Cooper, of
Montpelier, the roll of members was
called. There were but few absentees,
almost every representative being in
his seat.

The House proceeded to the election
of Speaker.

Mr. Deane, of Cavendish, nominated,
and Mr. Dorr, of Rutland, seconded
A. E. Gardner, of Bennington. Mr.
Wright, of Bradford, nominated, and
Mr. Winchester, of Corinth, seconded
Daniel Campbell, of Rockingham.

The ballot resulted:

Whole No. of votes, 229
Necessary to a choice, 115
A. E. Gardner, 101
D. Campbell, 10
Scattering, 118

and the Hon. A. E. Gardner, of Ben-
nington, was declared elected Speaker.

SENATE.—Mr. Englesby offered
the following joint resolution:

Resolved, by the Senate and House
of Representatives, That the people of
the State of Vermont have seen with
pride and satisfaction the noble man-
ner in which the officers and men in the
volunteer service of the United
States, from this State, have dis-
charged their duty to their State and
Country, and they take this early op-
portunity through their representa-
tives, to express to them their high ap-
preciation thereof, and to congratulate
them upon the glorious record they
have made, of suffering and perils pa-
tiently endured, battles fought and
victories won.

Resolved, That the patriotic and gal-
lant conduct of Brig. Gen. G. J. Stan-
nard since the outbreak of this wicked
rebellion, and particularly the brilliant
manner in which he handled the divi-
sion under his command in the recent
battle at Chapin's Farm, near Rich-
mond, have eminently entitled him to
the kind consideration of the General
Assembly and of the people as one who
has deserved well of the Republic.

Resolved, That the Governor of the
State is hereby requested to urge upon
the President of the United States the
recognition of those services by confer-
ring upon General Stannard the addi-
tional rank he has so fairly won.

Senator Flagg, of Windham, offered
the following resolution which was
read and adopted:

Resolved, That the kindest sympathy
of the members of the Senate is due
and hereby tendered to the honored
presiding officer of the Senate, the
Hon. Paul Dillingham, for the great
loss he has sustained in the death of a
son who fell while gallantly discharg-
ing his duty to his country, on the
field of battle. May the memory of
the glorious cause in which he fell,
afford the afflicted father a consolation
and support that mere words must
necessarily fail to give.

The Speaker after taking the oath
of office briefly and felicitously ad-
dressed the House.

The House then proceeded to the
election of Clerk.

Whole No. votes, 225
Necessary to a choice, 113
John H. Flagg, of Wilmington, had, 125
Edward A. Stewart, of Derby, had, 78
S. M. Allen, of Barnard, had, 19
Scattering, 3

and John H. Flagg was declared elect-
ed Clerk.

Rev. A. L. Cooper of Montpelier, was
elected chaplain by a viva voce vote.

FRIDAY, OCT. 14.

In joint assembly, the Canvassing
Committee made the following report
of votes cast for State Officers:

For Governor.

Whole number of votes, 44,802
Necessary to a choice, 22,401
John B. Fane, Rutland, 32,494
R. McKimstry, Brattleboro, 12,228
Scattering, 184

For Lieut. Governor.

Whole No. of votes, 45,276
Necessary to a choice, 22,638
John B. Fane, Rutland, 32,494
R. McKimstry, Brattleboro, 12,228
Scattering, 554

For Treasurer.

Whole No. of votes, 45,276
Necessary to a choice, 22,638
John B. Fane, Rutland, 32,494
R. McKimstry, Brattleboro, 12,228
Scattering, 554

HOUSE.—Bills were introduced re-
lating to various subjects and among
them, one granting State pay of \$7
per month to substitutes and placing
them on the same footing as volun-
teers. A resolution inviting Hon. Geo.
Thompson of England, to address the
General Assembly, was adopted, and
also another, by Mr. Godard of Read-
ing, that the Sergeant-at-Arms be di-
rected to procure a basket or other con-
venient receptacle to be placed near
the Clerk's desk, and to be used by the
members as a depository of such news-
papers and other reading matter as
they may desire to send to the soldiers
at the Montpelier Hospital, it being
the duty of the Messengers to deliver the
same to the postmaster twice each day.

SENATE.—The following are the
Standing Committees:

On Rules.—Messrs. Chapman, Kellam,
Bottum. Finance.—Messrs. Clark,

Chapman, Rublee. Judiciary.—Messrs.
Englesby, Reed, Flagg. Claims.—
Messrs. Dana, Pennock, Wallace. Ed-
ucation.—Messrs. Smith, Barret, Nich-
ols. Agriculture.—Messrs. Richmond,
Hobart, Allen. Manufactures.—Messrs.
Williams, Clement, Bottum. Elec-
tions.—Messrs. Kellam, Abbott, Williams.
Military Affairs.—Messrs. Nicholas,
Crane, Wood. Roads.—Messrs. Hutchin-
son, Hollister, Allen. Banks.—Messrs.
Henry, Meacham, Clark. Land Taxes
.—Messrs. Chishman, Fish, Upham.
Printing.—Messrs. Reed, Flagg, Tab-
bor. General Committee.—Messrs. Fish,
Abbott, Tabor.

Legislature of Vermont.

The General Assembly of the State
of Vermont met at the Capitol October
13th, 1864.

SENATE.—The Senate was called
to order by Lieut. Gov. Dillingham.
Prayer was offered by the Rev. Philip
H. White, of Coventry.

Henry Clark, of Poultney, was unani-
mously elected Secretary.

For Assistant Secretary, there were
two candidates, viz: Mr. R. Wright,
of Proctorsville, and Mr. J. P. Lanson
of Cabot, and on the first ballot Mr.
Lanson was elected: Lanson 15
votes, Wright 12.

HOUSE.—The House was called to
order by the Secretary of State, and
after prayer by Rev. A. Cooper, of
Montpelier, the roll of members was
called. There were but few absentees,
almost every representative being in
his seat.

The House proceeded to the election
of Speaker.

Mr. Deane, of Cavendish, nominated,
and Mr. Dorr, of Rutland, seconded
A. E. Gardner, of Bennington. Mr.
Wright, of Bradford, nominated, and
Mr. Winchester, of Corinth, seconded
Daniel Campbell, of Rockingham.

The ballot resulted:

Whole No. of votes, 229
Necessary to